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FROM

Boston Athenaeum (?)

2380-04
With respect

AN
Owen Lovejoy
Agricultural Poem.

BY

OWEN LOVEJOY, M. C.,

Chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

BUREAU COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

OCTOBER, 1859.

PRINCETON, ILLINOIS :

"BUREAU COUNTY REPUBLICAN" BOOK AND JOB PRINT.

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4L 2394.1.9



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PREFACE.

The author at the solicitation of some of his friends has consented to the publication of the following poem. It was not designed for the press ; and having been hastily prepared, and a revision prevented by the pressure of other engagements, I am conscious that it is not without imperfections. But it is submitted with the hope that it may please and instruct.

Notices of the Press.

From the Chicago Evening Journal, June 21st, 1860.

Mr. LOVEJOY prepared, and delivered to the farmers of Bureau County, last year, an *Agricultural Poem*, which has not had many equals since Virgil's time. Field culture, stock-raising, improvements, implements and all, in verse !

The committee of the State Agricultural Society can not well do a more acceptable literary service than to induce Mr. LOVEJOY to repeat this fine Poem at their next Fair.

"The measure is diversified, passing

" From grave to gay—from lively to severe."

Those who have heard it will not forget the plaintive lament of the "milky mothers of the herd," pleading for kind usage and shelter ; the apostrophe to the moon lit corn fields, and many other passages are as full of wit and beauty as they are of practical wisdom.

The writer of these paragraphs pens them in the hope that those who attend our State and County Fairs may enjoy the pleasure which this unique production affords. Those who have heard it once will go far to hear it again.

AGRICOLA.

Our correspondent by no means magnifies the merits of Mr. LOVEJOY's English Georgic. The graceful dress he gives the theme adorns without concealing it. Rhyme and reason are for once harmonized, and we do not know of a more acceptable literary offering for an Agricultural jubilee. We hope that a multitude of our country readers may have occasion to thank "Agricola" for his suggestion.

From the Bureau County Republican

Hon. Owen Lovejoy and the Farmers.

As our Fair, which was to have been held this week

has been postponed till another year, we now lay before our readers, as in some measure a substitute for that Annual Festival, the unique, and highly interesting and instructive Agricultural Poem, which our esteemed fellow citizen, and distinguished Representative, delivered three years ago before our Agricultural Society.

While there is much poetic merit in this production, there are some faults. We cannot predict what rank Mr. LOVEJOY will take as a poet, but this address shows him to be a close observer in his industrial pursuits—not a farmer alone in name and theory, but one in practice—skilled in the minutiae and details of his profession.

It is loaded with instruction, full of pleasing fancies, and draws a picture of Agricultural and Domestic scenes true to life.

It was highly natural that our Farmer Congressman, so connected with the industrial pursuits, so imbued with the love of rural life, and representing as he does mainly an Agricultural people, should seek to ennoble, dignify, and advance the honor and interest of the men of toil.

At the last session of Congress he procured the establishment of an Agricultural Bureau, or department in the government. This important work had been often proposed, but never achieved. Mr. LOVEJOY pressed it with his usual zeal, ability and success, and thus procured for the first time, a recognition by our government, of the dignity and importance of the Farmers' Calling.

Mr. LOVEJOY has thus by his sympathies, labors and services forever associated his name with the sons of toil, and he will be remembered by them as their champion, patron and friend.

AN AGRICULTURAL POEM,
Delivered before the Bureau County Agri-
cultural Society; October 1859, by Owen
Lovejoy M. O.

My fellow farmers, brothers of the Plow;
I make you my salutatory bow.
Accept my greeting hardy sons of toil,
Who own, at once, and cultivate the soil.
I crave your audience for a half hour's time
To hear some thoughts I've woven into rhyme.
And first of all our gratitude is due,
To Him whose goodness, like the falling dew
Descends on all alike, and crowns the year
With the rich fruits which you exhibit here.
Spring came and fled, and Summer is no more;
But Autumn, with its rich and varied store,
Now spreads its board, a sumptuous bill of fare,
That all, the bounties of the year may share.
How liberal nature, with no stinted feast,
She brings supplies to all, both man and beast.
Traverse the earth for many a weary day,
Visit all climes, and all their tribes survey,
And when you've made the circuit of the sun,

Alighting where your journey first begun,
 Beyond these shores, in all that toilsome round,
 A scene like this, can no where else be found.
 In ages past, and still in other climes,
 Where despots wield a sceptre stained with crimes,
 As if for insult, with the laborer's name
 15 Are ever coupled epithets of shame.

17 Serf, slave, and villain, are the terms applied
 2 To those who labor, by the sons of pride.
 But here, the laborer is a man of wealth,
 The bone and sinew of the commonwealth;
 Invested with the franchise of election,
 He spurns control, and scoffs at all subjection.
 Owner and tiller of his loved freehold,
 He laughs at fear, and cannot be controlled.
 Knows no dependence, save upon his God,
 Bows to no sceptre—cowers at no one's nod.
 Would you the value of these blessings know,
 Visit the Rhine, the Volga, or the Po.
 Alas! that I'm compelled the truth to speak,
 You'll learn it all beyond the Chesapeake.

Of all the cereals that our soil can raise,
 The palm, beyond a doubt, belongs to Maize.
 O, may some rural muse inspire my verse,
 As I its culture and its claims, rehearse.
 For what, to CORN, can bring just estimation,
 Unless it be poetic inspiration.
 The Red man's story, in the legend given,
 Gives Corn, like manna, its descent from Heaven.
 And this the mode, if we can but believe it,
 In which the Ancient Red Skin did receive it.

Hiawatha prayed and fasted,
 Seven days the conflict lasted,
 Seven days no food he tasted,

And was weak, and wan and wasted,
Wasted to a skeleton,
When at last his fate came on.
'Twas the hour the sun sinks low,
When the skies are all aglow,
That he wrestled with his foe.
Though his strength-seemed all departed,
Yet he struggled, lion-hearted,
With the mighty Mandowin,
To obtain this boon for men.
From on high with power imbued,
He at last his foe subdued.
Earned from men a fadeless crown,
As his foe fell lifeless down.
He then a grave with care selected,
As the dying foe directed,
Far away from where the vine,
Round the elm its tendrils twine,
Out upon the open plain,
Warmed with sunshine, wet with rain,
Safely kept from worm and crow,
Where no weed had leave to grow.
From this grave, with care kept clean,
Clothed in yellow robes, and green,
Sprung our Maize, our Indian Corn,
Thus 'twas sown and thus 'twas born.
And since thus the legends tell us,
Who shall doubt that it befell thus.
Here behold what we inherit,
Wondrous gift of the Great Spirit.

Now your thoughts turn away from this plant's derivation
And we'll treat, if you please, of its right cultivation.
In the growing of corn, 'tis the farmer's first need,
To choose in due time, and secure the best seed.
This, you'll please to consider, a *sine qua non*;

Without it, but little of good can be done ;
Without it your plowing and planting are vain,
And fruitless your hopes and your labor for gain.
The farmer who says he can go to his crib
And pick out good seed, tells a very great fib ;
A very great blunder, at least, he will make,
And find it too often a fatal mistake.
You talk of good luck ; or of skies unpropitious,
Good seed is the luck the most sure to enrich us.
Poor seed is poor luck, and though sunshine and rain
Are lavished upon it, they're lavished in vain.
Our seed time and harvest are promised, 'tis true,
But to seed which is faulty, no harvest is due.
" As you sow you shall reap," no doubt, you have read,
And you'll find it quite true, as before I have said.
For, if poor seed you plant you will have a poor crop,
By hand, or by planter, however you drop.
Good seed you must have, pray do not forget it,
A moment now listen and learn how to get it.
When Summer's sultry heat has ceased to burn,
And towards the Arctic Earth begins to turn,
When day and night of equal length, are found
In all the varied climes the globe around ;
(This season occurs, you will all please remember,
The twenty-first day of the month September.)
Then ! then is the time, good farmers, take heed
And seize on this moment, to gather your seed.
Delay not, I warn, till the germ has been chilled,
Much injured, it may be, though hap'ly not killed—
As many have learned, but too late, who have sown it,
And each cold and wet Spring has unerringly shown it.
This moment then sieze on to go through your field,
And gather the very best fruit it will yield.
Your basket well filled with the long and full ear,
By the husk tie them up in good, strong, double tier ;
Then hang up with care, though it cost you a deal,

Where vermin can never gnaw to it, and steal.
When thoroughly cured, it will pay well the cost
To place it in cellars away from the frost ;
And though in the Spring it be covered with mold,
You'll find on the trial the truth has been told.

Long enough you'll deem I've prated,
And this matter overrated ;
But I tell you farming friends,
On it everything depends ;
At best without it, all your toil,
Too oft, will prove but useless toil.
Oh ! my heart, and flesh, and ribs,
How I've sweltered in those cribs ;
Digging, sorting, shelling, panting
To obtain good seed for planting ;
And when planted, would it grow ?
Maybe yes, and may be no,
'Tis too late before you know.
Soft, indeed must be his pate
Who thinks this matter I o'errate.
In the mode and time I've told you ;
(If you do not I shall scold you,)
Garner up the choicest seed,
Twice the quantity you need.
It will germinate and grow Sir,
Buried deep, 'twill fear no crow Sir,
And will thrive through all the season,
With green foliage like the trees, on.
Leaves will wave in Summer's air,
And when Autumn's breath is there,
Golden ears the stalks will bear,
To reward your toil and care.
Crowned and queen-like stands that corn,
As indeed 'twere Heaven born.
Farmers, 'tis a goodly sight
Shimmering in the golden light ;
Gently waving to and fro

As the zephyrs come and go.

When April suns and winds have dried the ground,
In active motion let your plows be found ;
Plow deep, plow straight; be sure to plow it all,
Nor let one half upon the other fall;
This last way of plowing is called, " cut and cover,"
But o'er it, vexation and loss always hover.

So let me exhort you of balks to beware,
For every square inch should be moved by the share.
This " half and half " plowing's a very great sham,
And the plowman who does it, is not worth a —clam.
Clam is all that I meant, you'll of course understand;
But this " half and half " plowing's a shame to the land.

When God has bestowed such a generous soil
Which rewards every hand that is willing to toil.

Such slipshod and slovenly culture is ever
But casting reproach on the bounteous Giver.

Then thrust in the plow, boys, aye, plunge it beam deep ;
The reproach you'll escape—the reward you will reap.

This motto I give—on your hearts please to trace it,
And let neither time, sloth, or care 'ere efface it ;

If you plow the less land yet plow it much deeper,
You will grow the more corn, and will grow it much
cheaper,

Less land should you plant, and cultivate better,
I'd risk you some thousands, if I were a bettor
Your gains would increase by at least the one half,
A thing, I presume, that must make you all laugh.

The harrow should follow the plowing instanter,

And after the harrow, please push on the Planter.

Betwixt plowing and planting, should time intervene,
Shooting up between rows the young weeds will be seen;

And should they, at first, get the start of the grain,
To expect a good crop is just hoping in vain.

The process of marking, we sometime must learn,

And unto that process our thoughts let us turn.
But, ere the marker takes its station,
Let me claim your admiration.
Look a moment I entreat you,
What a goodly sight doth greet you !
Moved by the harrow and the share,
Smooth and mellow spread out there,
Ceres ! Didst thou 'ere behold
So rich a soil as that dark mold,
Giving back four hundred fold ?
On it who can ever gaze,
Soon to wave with tasselled maize,
And forbear to speak its praise.
Muck, 'tis true, reeks on the Nile,
And rich soil for many a mile
From the *Caspian* spreads away
Where the *Dneiper* winds its way,
But neither the *Nile* nor the *Dneiper* can mate
The unctuous soil of our *Prairie State*.
Having paid to the soil, this tribute so due,
The process of planting, we now will pursue.
In squares of four feet, your field having traced,
In each of the angles your seed should be placed—
Two or three inches the surface below,
'Tis safer from insect, from squirrel and crow,
'Twill germinate sooner, and stronger will grow.
Should you mark your ground less than four feet square,
You will shut out the sunshine and shut out the air.
The sunshine, I mean, when the corn is full grown,
And the earing time comes, with the tassels all blown.
Should you lessen this space for the sake of more corn,
Your hope is delusive as sure as your born.
If you ask me the grains that each hill should contain,
'Tis a matter on which some just doubts may obtain.
When mature, but two stalks are much better than four,

And when brought into market, the weight will be more;
With many, *three* kernels the preference would claim,
And *I* am inclined the odd number to name.
But one grain more than this, when the corn is mature,
Will prove one too many you may be quite sure.
On this point so doubtful, good judges demur,
So you must decide it too please you, good sir.
Yet should any still clamor for more than the three,
With the kindest of feelings, we must disagree.
But should any insist on the palm for but two
My judgment inclines me to that number, too.
In one or two weeks, the young feathery blade
Will break through the mold and shoot up its green head.
Now as soon by the eye, as the rows you distinguish,
Then hasten your plows, the weeds to extinguish.
If you ask me what tools the good farmer now needs,
To move all the soil, and remove all the weeds,
When the corn is but small, the first going through
A harrow inverted, the best work will do.
A mold-boarded plow, next to this, I would use,
But shovels called "*single*," forever refuse.
The "*double*" is better, but o'er all the rest,
The plow with the mold-board, I deem much the best.
There is a machine—the two horse cultivator,
Which proves I am told, a first-rate operator,
And still of improvements we doubtless shall hear,
In the culture of Corn, from the blade to the ear.
And the "proving all things" is a very good way,
If the good we hold fast, and the bad cast away.
When first you plow, be sure with careful skill,
And sift the moist earth close around the hill.
To do this well requires a sleight of hand,
That inexperience never can command.
The tyro, therefore, though the cutest Yankee,
For the first year can hardly earn "I thank ye."
Pigs they can feed, and they can milk the cow,

But need much drilling ere they guide the plow.
The weeds they leave in squares around each hill,
The very weeds they first of all should kill.

Do you ask me how often to go through the corn ?
Plow, plow it enough, sir, and evermore scorn
To let it be seen with rank weeds overborne.
If weedless and clean when you lay it aside,
You will feel as you view it both pleasure and pride.
When in shocks you have gathered your crop of small grain,
Return to your corn-fields, return once again.
Ho, ho ! for the onslaught, with muscle and hoe,
And ruthlessly slaughter each green straggling foe.
Or, should they stand thickly in tangled array,
Then all the more earnestly kill them, I say.

Forgive me I pray you, for boasting just here ;
I have fought through this battle, myself, this same year.
To a hundred add eighty, and you will then know,
The number of acres where ambushed my foe.
But in all that broad field not one noxious weed,
Has been left there to scatter its pestilent seed.
The landweker bold I then marched to my field,
Resolved that this corn foe should die or should yield,
But yield them they did and thus died every one.
So exultant felt I, when the labor was done,
(If you will believe it), I sprang from the ground,
And leaped o'er the fence with my hoe, at a bound ;
And if of my reason you deem me bereft
I insist it's all true, but, " over theleft."
Your corn having gathered, or yellow or white,
Protect it in cribs which are airy and tight ;
Place o'er it a roof that will shield it from rains ;
The market will pay you, twice over, your pains.
When I hear a man say, that he thinks it no use
To cover his corn cribs, I think him a *goose*;
And should you consider this saying too rude,

I will change it, and say, that he's surely not shrewd;
'Tis a mild way of saying the very same thing,
For still to the thought, Sirs, I cannot but cling.
Abandon, pray let us, this loose way of farming,
Indeed 'tis so loose, as to make it alarming.
Our money we lose, and we lose reputation ;
The money, indeed, beyond all calculation.
Pause a little, I pray you, with pencil and slate,
And, on corn, for a moment, let us calculate.
And now reckon up all the gains, if you please;
I dare say you've been taught and can do it with ease.
Should you, by a process of farming more thrifty,
Exceed forty bushels, and gather in fifty,
Ten bushels an acre, your gain would then measure,
Which for State, or one county, would make a vast treasure.
Five dollars an acre as corn is now sold,
A high rent for land, as you need not be told ;
This sum now, by millions should you multiply,
The truth you will have, as the figures don't lie;
This increase of one fourth, will pay taxes and Priest,
And keep away Sheriff and Lawyers, at least;
And Sheriff and Lawyers, though good in their place,
Have for debtors, oft-times, but a very hard face.
Half a million each year, it would bring Bureau County,
And this is much better than federal bounty.
Better farming good friends, I insist we must do it,
And if we neglect it ere long we shall rue it ;
And debts slowly growing will soon undermine us,
The plus on our farms having changed into minus.
And now a few words, as the Ministers say,
With respect to the culture of oats, wheat and hay.
For horses, the oat is the more normal feed ;
Provide it for horses, as well as for seed.
If some are still left for the cow and her calf,
They will thrive on them better than hay, by the half;

Still, a few left for market when prices are high,
 A very good way is, you'll find if you try.
 Of wheat I am puzzled to know what to say
 In the mode we now raise it, it surely don't pay.
 But should we continue to raise it at all
 We must sow late in August, or early in fall;
 Deep, 'neath the surface, put it in with a drill,
 And roll it and pack it as hard as you will.
 This one word of advice in regard to our hay,
 Is all, my good friends, I'll detain you to say—
 Change half of your plow-lands at once into grasses,
 And when you regret it, then write me with asses.

Let us turn from the harvests of meadows and field,
 To the sweet luscious fruits which our orchards yield.
 One cold polar winter, 'tis true, at a blow,
 Laid at once the fond hopes of our fruit-growers low.
 The peach and the plum, with the apple and pear,
 Each gave this destroyer its sorrowful share.
 And far worst of all, the fruits choicest and best,
 Were dealt with severely, far worse than the rest.
 Yet give up we will not ; our generous soil,
 With only five years of right culture and toil,
 Selected with wisdom, good trees will produce,
 With enough of good fruit for each family's use.
 And five more still added, enough will bestow,
 To make our home markets with fruits overflow.
 Fence strong—plant well—then careful cultivation,
 Will soon give back a liberal compensation.
 When you, with trees would plant your orchard ground,
 Three things of prime importance will be found :
 First, are they hardy ? Second, will they bear
 A liberal crop, and bear it every year ?
 Thirdly, when bearing will these trees produce
 Fruit fit for cooking, or for dessert use ?
 Those that won't live, no man of sense would choose,

And those that will not bear, of course refuse.
The *Golden Belle-Flower*, *Willow Twig* and *Snow*
In every portion of our State will grow ;
And other kinds for prices within reason
Our nurseries sell, well suited to each season.

No longer must these field themes now detain us
Let us come to those more miscellaneous.
When times are dull and money hard to get,
We're apt to turn and at our rulers fret,
And think our gains are sure to ebb and flow,
As Congress shall make tariffs high or low.
But friends 'tis little government can do,
For honest laboring men like me and you,
If they'll protect us, and then let us be
'Tis all they need to do for you and me.
They tell us of fabrics piled up mountain high
But pray who's compelled all those fabrics to buy ?
Neither A, nor yet B, nor are you friend, nor I,—
Only buy what you need, of the rest sir, play shy ;
Importers and jobbers may do as they please,
Must I purchase goods merchant's greed to appease ?
Nay, nay my good friends, it is all quite in vain
For sensible men to discourse in this strain.
Pay, pay as you go is the grand panacea,
Which like love perfected will cast out all fear.
There are those who tell us, that our paper money
Will make the land flow both with milk and with honey.
So indeed it may be, but the way that I view it
These rags they call cash, neither will nor can do it.
The bank takes my note for their rag money lent,
Bearing fifteen or twenty or thirty per cent.
Horesco referens, which I beg to translate,
It makes one to shudder to bleed at that rate.
In exchange for my note then the bank gives me theirs,
Which not one per centum of interest bears,

And blandly indeed when you ask for the gold,
 The cashier, all smiles will reply, "sir you're sold ;"
 And the note which they promised, no matter what day
 To redeem at first sight, they refuse now to pay.
 Or they dole out the cash counting dime after dime,
 To accomplish their plot, while they use up your time ;
 Unless as it chanced in a bank down below,
 Their *mob* rushes in and compels you to go.
 But their notes are all good, and so sir, are mine,
 But neither is money, good friend, I opine.
 What tell me is money, by that legal command
 Bearing rule, undisputed, all over the land ?
 I mean friends, that great constitutional bond,
 To whose claims of allegiance our hearts all respond.
 Good money by this must be silver or gold,
 Either white, or else yellow, hard, solid and cold ;
 But the notes of a bank, a mere promise to pay,
 Was not money last year nor are they to-day.
 And it strikes me this truth you cannot gainsay,
 Puzzle o'er it as much and as long as you may.
 Rags, rags! nought but these, these old tattered bank rags,
 Will they give in exchange, for the wheat in our bags—
 Wheat plump and clean, the very best yield,
 From the choicest of seed which we sowed on the field.
 "Perish all Commerce, and perish all credit,"
 It is thus, we are told, old HICKORY said it.
 And under the rose, between me and you,
 I was almost inclined to accept it as true,
 When that wheat I poured out in those *bins*, from my
 bags,
 And got in return *Rags*, aye, nothing but *rags*.
 The cradle and scythe, with the sickle and rake,
 Seemed banished forever and without mistake ;
 And tho' in our boyhood we once used to wield them,
 From being thus banished, we never would shield them,
 For the Mower and Horse-Rake, I freely confess,

Have done very much the farmer to bless.
A lad of thirteen with a horse and a rake,
The place of ten field hands can easily take.
That rough old hand-rake, I remember it well,
For by it my hand oft with blisters would swell,
As backward and forward the rake's tail would play,
Rolling in windrows the sweet-scented hay.
And the Mower as well is above any price,
So rapid it cuts, so smoothly and nice;
The best should you ask me I scarcely could tell,
For most of them cut the tame grasses quite well.
But, if you should press me, I must aver
We have nothing gained from the Harvester.
This judgment I've made up when cool and retired,
And not out in the field, sweating, fretful and tired.
When a message would come told in half broken English,
With gutturals 'twould puzzle a clerk to distinguish,
Dat ar bolt, dat ar screw, dat rake mynheer,
Dis machine she be broken, yah, broken right here,
To which I'd respond with a plaintive, "O dear!"
For with all of my faults, (I've enough and to spare,)
One fault I have not—for I never would swear.
There's Beloit, McCormick, and Williams and Manny,
With Atkin's Self-Raker as worthy as any,
But if wheat we still raise and grain of this sort,
To the headers ere long I think we'll resort.

A moment I linger to put in a word
For those speechless dependents that make up the herd.
I fancy some farmer in a cold winter's storm
Ensconced in his woollens, all buttoned and warm,
Abroad in the field and looking around,
To see if the cattle are all safe and sound,
When, turning to go to his warm cozy home,
To his ear there cometh, or seemeth to come
This voice from a creature, cold, shivering and dumb,

As 'tis said once of old that the recreant Prophet,
Received from his donkey, some counsel and profit ;
So I hope my good sirs, that you will not decline
Admonition to hear, though it come from the kine.

“ I pray good master ere you go,
Hear poor moolie's plaintive low.
I've given milk as you well know,
To nurture Charlie, Jane and Joe.
Nay, do not turn away and sputter,
Not only milk, I've furnished butter
To you and all your kith and kin
That come and go your house within.
All this good sir you can't dispute,
Albeit 'tis uttered by a brute.
Patient, I never kick the pail
Although the milkmen often rail,
And kick and strike me with the stools,
I think such men are wicked fools:
And if a Queen, I should not falter
To make them dangle from the halter.
Kindness, methinks you men might learn
Even from Cows, would meet return.
The flies they sting us to the quick,
We switch our tails and get a kick,
And then are chased around the yard,
With thumps and blows, my eyes, how hard.
My flesh is gone, my blood is thin,
My hair it bristles on my skin,
Though not quite starved, I'm poorly fed,
Protected by no barn or shed,
I wonder that I am not dead.
Methinks the least that you can do,
In common fairness 'twixt us two,
Is to afford some humble shed,
With straw enough to make my bed.

Through horrid storms of cold and rain,
Unsheltered on the earth I've lain ;
Who wonders that I should complain ?
Since I have now in meeting spoke,
My life-long silence being broke,
And, 'ere I 'ope my mouth again,
To speak to women, boys or men,
'Tis likely I shall pass the bourne,
From whence no travelers return,
I pray you kindly hear me prattle
A single word for the other cattle.
From old and young there comes a cry
For shelter, shelter warm and dry.
This you may hear as well as I ;—
Who can the touching wail deny ?
They squeal, and bleat, and low, and neigh,
Shelter ; for shelter we humbly pray."

The tongue is a weapon that females will use,
The lords of creation sometimes to abuse,
But certainly here you cannot but allow,
That reason and justice are with the old cow.
And I do feel to witness to what she has said,
And with her to claim for the cattle, a shed.
Like the slovenly culture of which I have spoken,
This neglect of the herds is another sure token
Of the thriftless and uneconomical ways,
Which our manner of farming so often displays.
We miss it, we miss it as words cannot tell,
In doing so much, and not doing it well.

I thought when I used to read HOMER the Greek,
'Twas a left-handed compliment he used to speak
Of JUNO the stately, great JUPITER's bride,
And call her the Queen passing fair, tho' ox-eye'd.
But once having looked on the fine Durham breed,

The best of all cattle to raise or to feed,
Then censure no longer I cast on the Greek,
Their eyes are so full, good-tempered and meek.
And a compliment rare I consider it now,
To say of a woman, she's eyes like a cow.

And shall we forget *him* the brave noble steed,
“His neck clothed with thunder,” his hoofs shod with
speed?

With fierceness and anger he swallows the ground,
Or paweth the valley where trumpets resound ;
Rejoicing in strength he will still shout, ha ! ha !
As the smoke of the battle he smelleth afar,
The keen sword may glisten, the quiver may rattle,
But with nostril distended he'll rush to battle.
Onward through carnage amid the armed crowd,
His rider he bears aloft, fearless and proud.
The spear and the shield may be flashed in his sight,
But dauntless he scorns to turn backward in flight,
And yet gentle as brave, when beneath the fair hand,
His gallop sweeps graceful as waves to the strand.
He was given you farmers, to own and to use,
And not to o'ertask him, neglect or abuse.
Kindly use him when young, use him kindly when old,
The mule e'en by kindness, is easiest controlled.
Then cease madman, cease, those harsh cruel blows.
That young horse is doing as well as he knows,
Train him slowly and gently with patience and skill,
And cheerfully soon, he will serve you at will.
'Tis barbarous and wrong, as you cannot dispute,
With lashes to torture an innocent brute.
Of horses that balk full nine cases in ten,
The blame if discovered, would rest on the men.
You've no patience, you say with a bad balky horse,
But the ruffian who fools and then whips him, is worse ;
This course you may palliate, excuse, or defend,

It is wrong every time, let me tell you, my friend.
Use them kindly when young, kindly use them when old,
So useful, yet noble, submissive, yet bold.

I sometimes make speeches you know, to the masses,
But now crave permission to talk to the lassies.
And first of all, girls, I would willingly know,
If you know how to cook, wash dishes and sew.
“Know how to cook? Do you think me a fool?”
Nay, nay, lassie, dear, I must pray you keep cool,
For over the land, all around, should you look,
You'll find very few, who know well how to cook.
Can you make us good bread that main staff of life,
To prepare which right well, proves the skillful House-
wife?

Or do you use risings, that people call salt?
If so, I must say you are greatly in fault.
Hop yeast is the best, dispute it who may,
And the best it will prove I venture to say.
Hot biscuit, puffed up with the tart saleratus
Is death to the stomach and its apparatus;
And often, alas! undigested our dinner,
A saint will transform, and be turned to a sinner.
Old dogmas and creeds their lances may shiver,
But original sin has its seat in the liver;
A liver that's healthful from dark bile set free,
With a smile clothes the Heavens, the Earth and the Sea;
But a liver deranged, invests them with gloom
As deep as the shadows which rest on the tomb.
But for this to the 'pathies I never resort;
They are powerless to cure any ills of the sort;
And if of blue demons possessed in this wise
By fasting and toil, you must them exorcise.
Oh! how many houses all garnished and swept,
To such fiends wide open bad cooking hath kept.
This art culinary, then, girls, study well;

'Twill save us from horrors that words cannot tell.

Once reading these lines to my dear little girl,
With roguish blue eye and a soft flaxen curl,
Looking up, she replied, with a smile and a wink,
" O'er-eating like cooking hurts folks, don't you think ? "

Coffee, yellow, clear, rich—do you know how to make ?
And match with a tender and juicy beefsteak ?
The outside well browned and the inside left rare —
Such steak, bread and coffee, make excellent fare.
And when rich golden butter is added thereto,
Such butter, dear madam, as that made by you,
Both yellow and hard with the milk all pressed out,
The product of good cream kept perfect, no doubt,
In those pans made so sweet by the scalding each day,
And worked with a ladle that is just the right way;
For hands in the butter should never be placed;
'Tis a mode that's untidy, and injures the taste.
'Twas but a few years since as I now well remember,
On a tasting committee I acted as member,
And found there good cheeses, as well as good bread,
With butter as rich too, as ever was spread ;
All of which, just as good, I have never a fear,
You will find here by looking around you this year.

I cannot forbear, my good friends, 'ere I close
To speak of the honor your calling bestows.
O, be proud, sons of toil, of the good farmer's life,
Of forums and courts far away from the strife,
Away from the bickerings and haggings of trade,
Surrounded with scenes the Almighty hath made;
From dogmas all stale and from vile drugs away,
'Mid the waving of corn and the rustling of hay,
No clients to please, and no patrons to flatter,
They may smile or may frown, what to you does it matter.
Both clients and patients will scold at the bill,

When called on for payment for pleading or pill.
But from nature's sweet scenes not a murmur is heard,
Save the noise of the brook and the voice of the bird ;
Those scenes which so noiselessly day after day,
The wisdom and love of our Father display.
" But I'm tired," says one, of these jingling rhymes.
Ah, ha ! then I'll hasten and finish betimes.
A parson once said, as the old story goes,
It was easy to preach but harder to close ;
And finding it hard, my brave Knights of the Plow,
To close with fit words, I will close with a bow.

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